

Remedy.

Pills are made from the essence of purely vegetable substances, therefore many effects are had with little or no drugs. * * * have a full line of the ordinary pills from childhood. They are fail to give perfect satisfaction. E. Clark, Tewksbury, Mass.

Clark's Pills

are considered a perfect satisfaction. Our new line of remedies, prescriptions, etc., Boston, Druggist, Allerton, Mass.

We used Ayer's Super-Coated Pills

and found them very safe

and effective.

After five years I was sick

at last I discovered

Carter's Pills, which

not only relieved me but have

McComb, Philadelphia, Pa.

PILLS

Price \$1.00 per bottle, 35

in bottles at 25¢ each; half bottles at 15¢

each.

Best results at the lowest price.

With pleasure, I send you

samples of our pills.

Write for sample.

W. H. COOPER,

Proprietor.

100 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

TERPENE CHEESE AND EGGS

TON BUTTER MARKET.

Our market is especially on the

most popular and favorite outdoor

and indoor uses.

Eggs up to 10¢

each, butter, cheese, etc.

Vegetable Puddings, 10¢

each, etc.

THE BAY STATE

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S

FAIR.

Will be held at Boston, Mass.,

on Saturday, Aug. 18, 1886, inclusive,

and will be open to all Fruits, Flowers,

etc., etc.

TON STATE AGRI. SOCIETY.

Worcester, Mass.

D. LANCELL'S

ASTHMA

AND

CATARRH REMEDY

SOLD ALL DRUGSTORES.

TON CURE FOR ALL DISEASES.

The Poet's Corner.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

ELIZA F. MORSE.

Weary and worn and weak with pain,
I sit within my silent room alone,
And watched the sunset slowly wane,
Evening in deepening gloom.

Beyond the cold cloud-shaded sky,
Within that awful solitude,
To find age to say their course pursued.

I looked to see the grand array
Of stars flash out from dark's shore,
The beauty of the evening day.

The land and the Eversore,

But down the waves of darkness swept,
Impelling all the world around,

While Silence still unbroken bound.

As I sat there, the stars dual spell,

The death of sound, the darkness deep,

All pain forced, entombed I fell.

Upon the ocean of the Sleep.

Fair sons of light, blazed forth their flight,

Axle while the clock still knelt its flight,

My waking eyes held out伸展,

The landscape bathed in lovely light.

The winds had swept the clouds afar,

The moon in her jeweled ear,

Smiled down more beautiful than day.

Then through the stilly night-tide stirs,

The song of the surf, sweet bird

That dreathed the dawning hour was near,

Through sultry sooty Nature's balm-

Sank soothily o'er heart and brain,

Soon stote the sting from ceaseless pain.

Ladies' Department.

LOVE, THE PILGRIM.

CHARLES E. WATERMAN.

Asleep.

The first day of spring! The sun was

shining, the birds were singing, there was

all day to eat, out in the country

people said, with unconscious poetic hyper-

esis, that you "could see the things grow,"

and the birds that were born in the differ-

ence in the sun, and a soft thrill in the air.

In Oxburgh, which had all the ad-

vantages of a town without either noise or dirt

or the trouble of the country without the bulk of the solitude or the

danger of lowered sines and narrowed lives,

the loveliness of the day was making itself

fitfully known, and the leaves and vines and

crosses on spire and tower and dome glittered bright in the sun.

The college elms were a fresh green;

the trees and the gray old walls were full of the

sunshine.

"Love is passing—passing while it is asleep."

Johnnie followed the sound, tolling plain,

and went to his mother, who was

asleep upon a loveseat in the hall.

He had come to see his mother,

and he had come to see his mother,